THE *LONDON* MEDLEY:

OR, THE

HUMOURS

OF

The PRESENT AGE.

CONTAINING,

I. The Stateſman turn'd Stockjobber: Or, A New Sing-Song, to the Tune of *Chivy-Chaſe*.

II. The Stateſman's Soliloquy: Or, A Penitential Hymn, upon the Converſion of a Sinner, late of the Order of the RED RIBBON.

III. The Virgin's Prayer, in Behalf of her Maidenhead, in Danger of being rifled by the young rakiſh Quality. Conſiſting of Four Epigrams, Satyrical, Diverting and Inſtructive.

IV. A Satyrical Diſſertation upon ſome Modern Authors, with their Characters.

V. An Aſſylum for the Rich and Poor: Or, A Panegyric on the Excellency of Tobacco.

VI. Weeping, Wailing and Gnaſhing of Teeth, for the Downfal of a Pantyle Conventicle.

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W.N.H.
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HARDING

Lord POLE tranſlated;

OR

The D---L turn'd *Chimney-ſweeper*:

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Chivy Chace*.

I.

ALL in the late great Winter Snow,
Lord POLE went forth to ſhoot,
Equipt moſt like a Bully bold,
With Gun, broad Belt and Boot.

II.

O'er the white Fields ſecurely roaming,
His Legs in Leather clad,
With Snap, and Snap, and Bounce, and Flaſh
He made the Thruſhes mad.

III.

From Hedg to Hedg thro' many a Brake,
The Game he follows fast,
Fright'ning the feather'd Flocks, and sets
The Magpies all aghast.

IV.

When having tir'd himself and Foes,
In his so hot Campaign,
He bears triumphant off the Spoils,
A Thrush and Sparrows twain.

V.

And to an Alehouse his Delight,
Where Landlord dwelt *Tim Elms*,
Peaceful retires; here nappy Ale
His Senses overwhelms.

VI.

On wooden Log by Chimney Side
His lubber Limbs he plants,
And fast by them his nutbrown Piece,
Then whistles for his Wants.

VII.

When *Coming-Sir* his Heart reviv'd,
For now his Guts were grumbling,
And from th' old Cupboard's mufty Cell
Brown Loaf and Cheeſe came tumbling.

VIII.

The jolly Jug its Entrails ſheds
Into the nimble Cup,
Till as by Leech ſo often ſuck'd
It gave its Bottom up.

IX.

Full Pot nor Cann the *Heroe* fear'd,
The cleaneſt Spunge of Drink
That e'er put Liquor unto Lip;
He knew not how to ſhrink.

X.

When driven in by Fate and Weather
With Guns two blund'ring Clowns.
With ruſtick Grace, and hobnail Scrape,
Strike in and make the Rounds.

XI.

XI.

Then Pipe and Pot purſu'd each other,
All talk at once, none think,
Nonſenſe and Noiſe, while to the Butt
The Quart went oft to drink.

XII.

" Dammee, ſays POLE, no longer preach;"
They ply'd him then ſo faſt
With Floods of Ale, and Gales of Smoke,
His Wits were ſunk at laſt.

XIII.

The ſubtle and enſnaring Fox
Into his Brain had ſprung;
His bruſhy Tail ſweep'd in his Throat,
And Legs from Noſtrils hung.

XIV.

" Come now, the Reck'ning," cries a Boor,
O melancholy Sound,
Where Purſe can't make Reſponſe with Chink,
But mute at Bar is found!

XV.

XV.

And here comes in the dire Account,
Of Merriments the Sting:
" 'Tis answer'd just, quoth POLE, by each,
" An equal Offering."

XVI.

" Are you so drunk, replies a Swain,
" Or, what is worse, a Fool;
" That Things just past no Trace have left
" Within your slipp'ry Scull?

XVII.

" Who fill'd your Place when we came in?
" More than a Third's your Score."
Quoth POLE, "if e'er I pay a Doit,
" My Mother is a Whore."

XVIII.

And up from Timber quick he starts,
And grasps his nutbrown Piece:
" But if you find yourselves aggriev'd,
" Mine A—e sue for Redress.

XIX.

XIX.

Then ſallies like a Windmil Knight,
Or Race of antient Bullies,
Right glad to think he'd ſav'd his Chink,
And made them all his Cullies.

XX.

Tim and the Loobies gaping ſat
A Moment in Surprize;
Then iſſue forth like angry Waſps,
And follow him with Cries.

XXI.

As a great Cur by Dogs purſu'd
Turns Head, and ghaſtly grins;
So fac'd about the Heroe ſtout,
And threatens at their Shins.

XXII.

Off went the Piece, and off ran POLE
As tho' the D——l drove him;
His Hunters hung upon his Rere,
And manfully did ſhove him.

XXIII.

" Sirrah! We'll blow your Calves-brains out,
" And ſave you from the Gallows,
" And from the Shame of being hang'd
" With many better Fellows."

XXIV.

And now they have him at a Gap,
And bounce his Pole with Powder;
Then catch him hamper'd in a Gate,
And bang him o'er the Shoulder.

XXV.

Thus near a Mile in hot Purſuit,
They pop their Guns upon him;
And with the Noiſe, and Fire, and Smoke,
Did terrify and ſtun him.

XXVI.

Have you not, Sirs, a Mongrel ſeen
With Shoe ty'd at his Tail,
Stretching immenſe, and after him
His Perſecutor trail?

XXVII.

So fleet he flies, Fear gives him Wings,
And to the Town he gets,
And ſcampers up the Streets for Life,
Running o'er all he meets:

XXVIII.

And ruſhes into Houſe as tho'
By's Wife or Furies frighted,
Mad-raving, roaring, ſtaring ſtark
Like Bull or Boar-cat baited.

XXIX.

" Oh! hide me, help me! Lord, I've ſhot
" A Maid between the Thighs;
" And with the Powder's furious Blaſt
" Have blown out two Mens Eyes.

XXX.

" I ſaw her drop; my Fate's at Hand,
" Reſiſt can I no further;
" I who ſo oft have ſav'd my Neck
" Muſt now be hang'd for Murder."

XXXI.

XXXI.

" Away, dear Bob, *Tim Elms* is come
" With all the Tribe of *Dan*;"
He ſtarts and leaps, and like a Rat
He up the Chimney ran.

XXXII.

" Muſt I be hang'd? cries panick Poll,
" Why ſure you are miſtaken;
" But if I muſt ſuſpended be,
" I'll hang up here for Bacon."

XXXIII.

When in came one of Viſage grim,
And ſaid " Pray *Tim* be civil;
" I'll ſtand his Elbow-friend at Need,
" As ſure as I'm the D——l.

XXXIV.

" I know mine own, my Liv'ry ſee,
" And Hue of Hell-grain Smut,
" The Mark and Signature of thoſe
" On whom I clap my Foot.

XXXV.

XXXV.

" 'Tis hard if I can't keep a Slave
" From your confounded Jail;
" I'll take him therefore to myſelf,
" And that's ſufficient Bail."

XXXVI.

This ſaid, the Chimney down he ſweeps
And halls the half-dead Sinner;
As the fell Spider drags the Fly
A Captive for his Dinner.

BOB's Soliloquy;

OR

The Lamentation of a Sinner converted by a Song.

To the Tune of the *Children in the Wood.*

----------Ridiculum Acri
Fortius, &c.

I.

"ALas poor TADPOLE! how art thou
" Betraid into a Bluſh,
" Who kindeſt Checks of warning Friends
" Didſt value not a Ruſh!

II.

" How have I drank full Draughts of Sin,
" As Jugglers ſwallow Coals,
" Unhurt; the Light of Reaſon quench'd,
" And Conſcience drown'd in Bowls!

III.

IV.

" How artleſs Honeſty diſgrac'd,
" And ſat in Scorner's Chair,
" With Oaths and Curſes compaſs'd round,
" As with an Atmoſphere!

V.

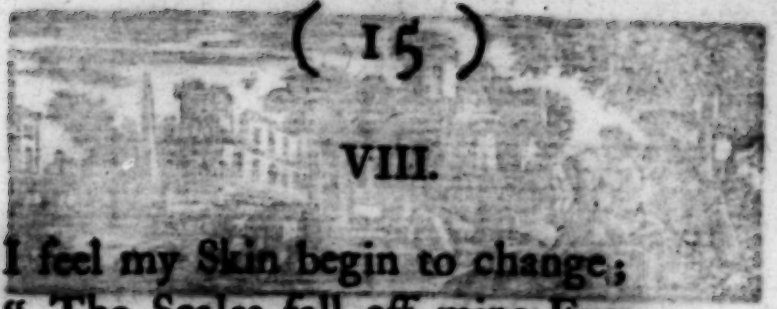
" Out-ſtar'd Reproof like Infidel,
" Or *Saracen* in Face;
" Old *Satan*'s truſty Drudg, God knows,
" As void of Shame as Grace!

VI.

" My Mother for her ſinful Son
" Betook her to the Prieſt,
" For Ghoſtly Counſel and Advice;
" But all her Labour miſt.

VII.

" Where dry and ſober Senſe is loſt,
" There Wit may over-rule;
" The Sinner that was Sermon-proof
" Is touch'd with Ridicule.



VIII.

" I feel my Skin begin to change;
" The Scales fall off mine Eyes;
" Secret Remorſe, and deep Regret
" Within my Boſom riſe.

IX.

" Ah *Tamſin!* couldſt thou have foreſeen
" This ſtubborn Heart would bend,
" On me thy Curſe thou hadſt not left,
" Nor propheſy'd mine End.

X.

" Ye Profligates, and harden'd Rakes;
" Your Caſe with mine bewail,
" That Books and Preaching all are vain,
" And Ballads muſt prevail."

EPIGRAM.

On a MAID's Chriſtmas Box.

O Charity! What art thou dead?
Or with our Trade and Money fled?
Diſplay thy Beams, and melt the Rocks,
And looſe the Miſer's Heart and Locks;
Renew thy Viſits to the Poor,
And ſtand at ev'ry wealthy Door:
Bright Virtue, chief of Graces three,
Regard the publick Miſery!

ANO-

ANOTHER.

The *Gapers.*

WHE thirſty Earth that gapes for Rain,
And Oyſters gape to ſhut again.
The hungry Lawyer gapes for Fees;
And Hell for Knaves of all Degrees.
The Barren for prolifick Showers;
The yawning Grave that all devours.
State-cullies gaping ſwallow Lyes;
And Fools gape after Paradiſe.
My Box too gapeth; Woe is me!
Help, help a Maid's Neceſſity!

ANOTHER.

WITH what you ſee, pray Sirs, make free;
But I've a Box you ſhall not ſee;
Here Silver lies and Braſs confin'd,
There, Metal of another Kind.

ANOTHER.

WElcome, kind CHRISTMAS on our Stage,
Thou Emblem of the Golden Age,
With all thy fat and merry Train;
Unfold thy Lap, and on us rain
Minc'd Pies, Plum Puddings, Hams of Bacon,
Woodcock and Widgeon, Turkey, Capon,
Round Rumps of Oxen, Thighs of Sheep,
And Beer juſt rouz'd from three Years ſleep;
Of *Nantes* ſend down a luſty Shower,
With Nutmegs brown, and Lemons ſour:
See how the Nectar licks the Brim,
And Cares all ſink, and Joys all ſwim;
The Graces hov'ring o'er the Bowl,
While curling Clouds of Incenſe rowl
From thankful Pipes, the bleſt Perfume
Both fills and conſecrates the Room.
Grant us clean Hearths, clear Fires, cloſe Doors,
Kind Nymphs, ſhort Scores, and timely Hours.

For

For a BARBER.

I Am a dapper *Barber* ſlim and ſpare,
And Slops and Slobber-Chops my daily Care.
I need no Pole, myſelf a goodly Sign,
And th' Offals of your Chaps and Scalps are mine.
Weaver of Whore's and Horſe-hair is my Trade,
And I ne'er poll'd a Whore but what I made;
Then SNAP's the Word; in vain he boaſts and ſtruts,
Whoſe Box can hold no Money, Brain no Guts.

Author inops Consilii, quodque majus est, Pecuniæ, Operam suam Ludimagistro locare volens, sese Publico commendare cupit per Sequentes;

OLIM quem *Siculo* dederant sua Fata Tyranno,
Dejectus postquam Fascibus Exul abit,
Terga Hominum quibus & luctantia Jura domârat,
Ut Sceptro Pueros clunipotente regat;
Hunc nobis ingrata dabis Fortuna Laborem:
Hei mihi! quam sævo ludis acerba joco!

In Amicum Epitaphium.

D. M.

Joannis Trott *Tauntonienſis*,
Lanerum Mercatoris,
Honeſtis natu Parentibus,
Liberalis Animi Juvenis,
Ingenui, modeſti,
Morum Suavitate Cunctis amabilis;
Ore decoro,
Corpore procero, ſanguineo, robuſto;
Linguas Lat. Gall. Ital. Hiſpanicam probe calluit.
Hic Iter ad Indos Occidentales adornans,
Conſenſæ ad Roderici Ripam Navi vela mox daturus,
Dum inter Socios ſeſe lætus obtectaret,
Et proſperum quicquid ominaretur,
Acceptumque referret Vale, heu ultimum!
Dirupta repente Vena, Sanguinem vomendo
Moribundus concidit;
Vixque Verba hæc ſuprema,
" Jam rapior, miſerere Animæ meæ Domine,"
Locutum, Vox ſimul & Vita deſeruere.
Ob. Aug. 5, 1729.
Diſcite, Spes & Tempus quam ſint caduca,
Moniti Juvenes.

A SHORT DISCOURSE UPON *AUTHORS.*

Occidit miseros Crambe repetita.

WHATEVER Reason we may have to congratulate ourselves, in these latter Times, on the vast Stock of Knowledge and numberless Volumes left us by our painful Forefathers, yet it must be acknowledg'd, that the Multude of Books does very much embarress our Choice; and that, contrary to the common Saying, the *Store* itself is become a Sore and a Nusance. 'Tis hard to pick and chuse amongst a Rabble of Writers of all Kinds. What a

deal of pretious Time is thrown away on miſerable Authors, Bulky perhaps like the Pumpion, but inſipid, and of ſmall Nouriſhment! So true is the *Greek* Proverb,

Μέγα Βιβλίον μέγα Κακὸν,

A Great Book is a Great Miſchief. The Spirit of the Writer is transfus'd into the Reader. As Yawning begets Yawning, ſo Dulneſs begets itſelf. I don't deny but that in ſuch an infinite Variety, Nothing may appear too fond or ſilly to ſome Apprehenſions; and perhaps 'tis as eaſy to write what ſhall *pleaſe all*, as what ſhall *univerſally* be *diſlik'd*; ſince there are Underſtandings, as well as Conſciences, of *all Sizes.*

Amongſt thoſe that block up the Way to Learning, and are notoriouſly guilty of waſting our Time and Paper, I ſhall take Notice of three Species of Writers. The Firſt I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the Name of *DOZERS.*

The *Dozer* is a Man of Letters well temper'd with Flegm, and calm as the Dead Sea; regular in his Conduct, punctual at Pipe and Pot, and bears a good Rank in the Order of *Story-tellers*; is a dead Heart at Com-

mon-

mon-placing, and deals chiefly by Retail. He hath read over all the old Proteſtant Divines, and hath an high Veneration for the Synod of *Dort*, and thoſe brave Fellows that drew their Pens in Defence of the *Five Articles*; throws many a dry Blow at *Papiſts* and *Socinians*, and will never be brought to quit the good old Way, nor his good old Trot. He is none of yeur *Flaſhy Fellows* nor *Atheiſtical Wits*. He regards nothing in *Homer* but his Moral Sentences, nor in *Virgil* but his Geography. Indeed, he hath ſmall Reliſh of Poetry; but, if once ſeiz'd with an Itch of Verſifying, becomes the moſt forlorn Creature on this Side the Grave. As the Temper of the Man, ſo is his Stile without Emotion, but even ſpun and uniform. He neither jumps at a Metaphor nor ſtoops for a Pun, *but with an even Wing purſues his heavy Flight*, neither ſinking nor ſoaring to the End of the Chapter. And ſo much for the *Dozer*, after I have told you, that a Page or two of him taken juſt as you are in Bed, is an excellent Remedy to provoke Sleep. *Probatum eſt.*

The

The second Sort, whom I shall introduce under the Name of *TICKLE-TEXTS*, are a numerous Family. *Tom Tickle-Text* is a Man of Mercury, gay and fluent, more ready at Words than Ideas. He plays on the Surface of Thing, and raiseth a Froth. He dances in *Apostrophes* and flutters in *Similes*; and when upon *Application*, and got into his old Road of *Use* and *Motive*, can spur on from *Fifthly* to FIFTHTEENTHLY. O the blessed Times of the last Century! those Sun-shiny Days! when Books flew thick as Quails, with long and loving Titles, and fraught with pretious Promises; when, like our Brethren in *New-England* and the *North*, they printed piping-hot from the Pulpit all that was preach'd on *solemn Occasions*, which did not happen very seldom; when Sermons, like *Soland Geese*, took Wing as they drop'd off. But let the good Man in Timbin bestir himself; let him pump, let him thump, let him flounce, and trouble the Waters, 'till he raise a Tide of Devotion, and set the People afloat, and the old Women a *see-sawing* like Steeples, when the Bells are up; yet I hub *The Seas are quiet when the Winds give o'er.* We

 are

are ſoon again upon the Lees. Sound and Geſture give an artificial Warmth to a Diſcourſe in itſelf frigid; but good Senſe, like good Ale, warms itſelf when it's *in*. Indeed, a natural Readineſs at Alternations and Combinations of meer Words is a Talent not to be deſpis'd, in that it ſaves a Man a great Deal of Trouble; he never ſets his Judgment at Work; and alſo teaches Frugality, in making a little Senſe go a great Way; which is a Point of no ſmall Importance to thoſe whoſe Brains can't bear great Expences.

As to the reſt, *Tom* is a Man of ſhort Views and remote Conſequences. Hath Thunder faln upon *Crocomb* Steeple? He crys, *God is angry with the Nation!* Have two Suns been ſeen at once? *Sure the Lord is about to do ſome great Thing in the Land!* He often wonders with himſelf how the *Heathens* came by ſuch fine Notions, and never quotes *Plutarch* or *Seneca*, but brings him in with *Even an Heathen could ſay!* He has little Taſte of Authors. He ſees no Reaſon to admire the *Tattler* or *Spectator*, and the Criticiſm on *Milton* is a dull Thing with him. However, it muſt be own'd he is devout, will endure nothing that

is lewd or prophane, and would as ſoon look into a Play-Book, as his Maid into a Conjuring-Book.

Thus I have deſcrib'd the *Tickle-Texts*, who are, in ſhort, Haberdaſhers of ſmall Thoughts: And we are all too ſenſible what Loads of Lumber theſe well-meaning People have left upon our Hands. One main Difference between theſe and the preceding is in their Effects; for as reading the former will bring you aſleep, ſo theſe are apt to make you ſick, and therefore ought to go before the other.

The third and laſt Kind I ſhall mention, that bar the Way to Knowledge, is the *TOWZER, whoſe Temper ſuits like Bawd and Brandy with Diſputes.* A peeviſh Mortal, fierce, wilful; he'll eat with no Spoon, and drink in no Cup, but his own. He is often known in Politicks by the Name of *Tory*, and amongſt Eccleſiaſticks by that of an *Highflyer*. All Opinions but his own are damnable Hereſies. He is mad to think all Men can't piſs in a Quill, nor ſee with his Spectacles. His Faith is built on Creeds and Convocations. He has enter'd his Conſcience upon Book, and hath engaged never

to ſee more than he now ſees. A deadly Stickler for the Divine Right of Church Government, and makes no Difference between *Great-Britain* and *Japan*. He meaſures all Things by himſelf: Truth, Church, Honeſty, Charity, appear to him little, narrow, and confin'd. He is continually curſing and caſting Dirt at thoſe that don't tread the ſame Path with himſelf, tho' they direct their Courſe to the *ſame Place*. He is warp'd by Education, and had never the Grace or Faculty to reſtore himſelf. He has read *one* Sort of Books, is furniſh'd with *one* Set of Notions, hath ſeen *one* Face of Things, and is perhaps too byaſs'd by his natural Lead. As Bodies grow out and crooked with binding and ſtraitning, ſo are Minds perverted, the Will bent, and Underſtanding crippled by a narrow ſelfiſh Inſtitution. No Wonder if this Method produce Half-ſtrains and Bigots. As theſe Authors are for the moſt Part Men of a low Genius, and more miſchievous in themſelves than the Two former, ſo I would adviſe a Friend not to overvalue their Acquaintance, ſo deſtructive in itſelf of Charity and Goodwill, which are of

infinitely more Concern to the Welfare of Mankind than their pretended Orthodoxy in Opinions.

Thus I have endeavour'd to deſcribe, as briefly as well I could, Three Sorts of Writers that might well have ſpar'd their Pains, the *Dozer*, the *Tickle-text*, and the *Towzer*. There is beſides that make a conſiderable Havock of Paper a *ſmall Fry* call'd *Grubs*, originally of *Grub-ſtreet*; but as theſe write not for Praiſe but Bread, and are indeed Poor in all Reſpects, we ſhall take no further Notice of them.

On the ſad and lamentable Deſtruction of the Meeting-Houſe that was carry'd down the River by the Flood.

Occidit una Domus. OVID.

HAlloo, alloo, alloo;
Men and Brethren purſue;
For the Houſe where our Preſbyter roar'd,
Is turn'd to a Ship,
And has given us the Slip;
Alas the Temple of the Lord!

I.

The Winds and the Rain
Came ruſhing amain;
And how could it longer withſtand
So ſharp a Probation,
On ſo weak a Foundation?
For lo it was built on the Sand.

II.

None dar'd to embark
On the ſanctify'd Ark

Like

Like bold young *Jaſon* of *Greece*;
Tho' as ſure as a Gun,
This Wood of *Dodone*
Is gone for the *Golden Fleece*.

III.

And when it comes home
From *Geneva* or *Rome*,
We'll toſs up our Glaſſes and Laſſes full many;
'Twill find us Equipages,
And raiſe up our Wages
From thrice ſeven Groats to a Guinea.

IV.

Thus for Want of the Tack
We are all gone to Wrack
Who boaſted ſo vainly of Low-Church,
Which helpleſs doth ſcudder
Without Sail or Rudder;
And now alas we've No-Church!

APPLICATION,

By Way of ſober Exhortation to the Smoaking of TOBACCO.

LO here invites the choice and friendly Drug,
Time's pleaſing Meaſure, Conſort of the Mug,
The Poor Man's Balm, the Drooping Heart's Relief,
A Sov'reign Antidote to Plagues and Grief:
From our unpolitick Forefathers hid,
And kept in Store for us their thankleſs Seed.
When from their Rubbiſh Wit and Learning roſe,
The pretious Weed ſprang up and with them grows.
Before thee fly the Spleen and Peſtilence,
O rare TOBACCO! thou that doſt diſpenſe
To Coxcombs Gravity, to ſilent Blockheads Senſe,
Addreſs to Clowns, to Tradeſmen Politicks,
And mak'ſt the Fop unlearn his idle Tricks.
Old batter'd Heroes when in Fight oppreſt
The Gods deſcending reſcu'd in a Miſt:
Who make his Refuge in thy cloudy Arms,
Serene ſhall ſit and mock the World's Alarms;
Nor ſmoaky Roof, nor houſehold Shrew ſhall vex,
Nor Rent unpaid, nor growing Race perplex.
Come, buy your Health, your Eaſe, your Peace of Mind;
All ſum'd in this enchanting Plant you'll find;
Come, fill your Pipes, and get your Boxes lin'd.

FINIS.

W.N.H. HARDING Bib. Bodl.